

THE REFERT

VOL. 2.

KEYSER, W. VA., FEBRUARY 20, 1907.

NO. 5

The Class Pin.

Tom Hillman and Fred Maynard were the leading spirits of the school. Both were jolly, good-humored fellows who seemed to spread sunshine and good cheer wherever they went. It would have been difficult to tell which of the two boys was most popular among the other students, for Tom and Fred were constant companions and so closely attached that a friend of one was invariably a friend of the other. One strong bond of friendship between them was their membership of the same class organization. No one in the organization seemed to sing the class song with so much feeling, or give the class-yell with so much enthusiasm as did those two whose like natures seemed so closely linked with each other. Their class-mates thought them to be the very last ones who would ever break the vows of everlasting friendship. Yet how often does the unexpected happen and trifling circumstances turn aside the whole course of a human life.

It was only a week yet until commencement when the quarrel took place; the quarrel which transformed two fast friends into the bitterest of enemies. Both Tom and Fred were hot-tempered and impetuous. A slight misunderstanding arose between them, hot words followed, and a chasm of unfathomable depth seemed to come between their hitherto unmarred friendship.

Commencement week passed gloomily. The unhappy event of a quarrel between the leading spirits of the class had cast a gloom over all the other members. Thus, what might have been the happiest week of their lives was utterly ruined by the obstinacy of those two. A word of apology from either of them would have settled the trouble in a moment, but each felt that his pride and honor would suffer a severe fall if he should be the first to

relent. At last the day of separation came. The different members of the class gave each other sorrowful farewells and expressed earnest desires to meet again. All but Tom and Fred. Each went his respective way without speaking a word to the other.

Ten years had gone by since Tom Hillman and Fred Maynard had sat as class-mates upon a stage and listened to the words addressed to them as graduates. Fred had arisen to prominence as a physician and was a prominent factor in both social and political circles. Tom, for a time, had prospered and was well known as an honest and energetic young business man. Unfortunately for him, however, he became aroused with a desire to get rich quick and invested his money in wild speculations. The result was that the little fortune which he had accumulated was soon swept away by the waves of "frenzied finance." Broken and ruined in business he began the drink habit to drown his troubles, and soon became as ragged and disreputable looking as the typical "tramp" or "bum". He had but one thing left to remind him of his lost hopes and blighted ambitions and that was his class pin. This he had always worn according to a promise made by all members of the class when it was organized. This little memento of his school-days shining forth from his tattered garments had been the object of many a sportime remark made by his uncultured "tramp" companions.

One evening when Doctor Fred Maynard was returning from his office to his pleasant home, he noticed a crowd collected about a prostrate form near the street corner. On inquiring from a bystander the cause of the disturbance, he learned that a drunken man had been struck by an automobile and perhaps fatally injured. Instinctively the crowd parted and allowed Fred to approach the

man. When the doctor leaned over the injured man he uttered a low cry of surprise, for there, pinned to the ragged waist-coat of the tramp was an exact counterpart of the class pin which he had worn for more than ten years. The tramp opened his eyes and looked at the tall man bending over him; he was sober now; he seemed to think a moment and then slowly reached forth his hand towards the doctor who grasped it warmly. The quarrel was ended and the crowd wondered.

AN ALUMNUS.

A Red Valentine.

"Well Shorty, this is the worst blizzard I ever experienced. And it will use up every ounce of strength we have to get to camp before mid-night."

"Come, fellow! Don't be showin ze vite feather so soon. Ve have ze six mile to go yet, an' no people along dis road vill open ze door to 'hicks.'"

"Shorty" was a small French Canadian who, having drifted from his Northern home, had finally lodged in a lumber-camp in the Northern part of — His name came to him by way of his short chubby body,

The "Fellow" "Shorty" addressed, or rather criticized, was a well built muscular young man of five feet eleven inches. Augustus Driscal was too much for Shorty's memory, hence the informal, and, to the lumber men, the common term "Fellow."

The mild winter weather had suddenly changed to an 'old time', which, the old people said, was due to the fact that the ground hog had seen his shadow, nearly two weeks before Sleet and snow filled the air, and being caught before a terrific gale from the north west, made such a night, the equal of which, the oldest residents of — valley, had to tax their memory to recall.

It was through this awful blizzard that Shorty and Driscal were fighting their way to a lumber-camp six miles ahead. They had walked only two miles, and already began to feel fatigued. But rather than give any other signs of the "vite feather" Driscal determined to go on as long as his plucky little companion, whose doctrine of Fate kept him from knowing any fear. But just then something happened. "Shorty" stumbled and, had Driscal not known the Frenchman's power of en-

durance, he might have thought him to be completely exhausted. Before he could really collect his thoughts he saw "Shorty" on his knees in the snow. At once Driscal asked the cause of all this, to which Shorty replied in an excited manner. "Oh fellow! Her is somesing in ze snow." Driscal stooped and lifted the snow covered body of a boy whose size indicated the age of nine or eleven years. Putting his face close to the mouth of the lad in his arms he could feel the warm breath coming in long deep sighs. This dispelled the first fears of Driscal, and he quickly jerked off his storm coat and wrapped it tightly around the chilled body of the boy. Knowing not just what to do, "Shorty" suggested that they push on to a house that might be close to where they were. Driscal held the boy close to him and plodded along with the determination to hold his burden until relief could be found. As they rounded a bend in the road, the dim rays from a light appeared ahead. Its motions indicated that it came not from a window, but that it was carried by a person approaching them. And so it was; for, after going twenty rods further they were dumb-founded to see before them a woman, small in size and apparently very cold, carrying a lantern. Above the howling of the wind a soft plaintive voice, quivering from fear and anguish, inquired, "Have you seen anything of Budgy?" Driscal, jumping at a conclusion, replied that they had, and because the little fellow became very tired, he had to carry him. The dim rays from the lantern were bright enough to show the outlines of a pretty, girlish face, which lighted up very much at this answer; but it also betrayed suffering from cold and exposure. Upon inquiring, Driscal learned that "Budgy's" home was only a half mile away; and taking the situation in hand, he commanded "Shorty" to carry the lantern a few paces before him. Then, turning to the slight figure beside him, he insisted that she support herself by holding to his arm; and then the party made as quick time as possible toward the house, because Driscal was as much concerned about the cold little body he held to his heart, as he was about her who held tightly to his strong arm. "Shorty" was well acquainted with the road, and, following the directions given by the young woman who was with them, he soon led the party to what seemed to be a small, old log house. No time was lost in getting inside, where

the appearance of things proved what seemed to be the conditions from without. Even though the house was rough and old, everything in the large living room was spotless and fresh, and the few articles of furniture in it were neatly arranged. Besides, the room was made most cheerful by the bright light radiating from a spitting, spitting fire in the large fire-place. But there were more important things to be done than to inspect the house. And, Driscall, still in command, ordered "Shorty" to follow the young lady to the kitchen where they should prepare hot coffee and anything else that might be handy. Driscall then diverted his attentions to "Budgy". Placing his little burden upon one of the two cots in the room, the large athletic youth began his endeavors to revive the numb, frail body. After "Shorty" had located everything in the kitchen, he assured his fair assistant that his experience as cook in the lumber-camp qualified him to take full charge of the meal, and that she, the "Misses" should go to the open hearth to rest and warm her cold and tired body. Retiring there, she found Driscall hard at work, and then, only upon inquiring did she know that "Budgy" had really been picked out of the road. But, before she could become alarmed, Driscall assured her that the little fellow was 'coming around' allright, and that in one half hour he would be in proper condition to take nourishment. In the meantime, she "should be perfectly quiet" and allow the patient to be in his "full charge."

[Continued in next issue]

Davis--Elkins vs. W. Va. Preps.

The Basket Ball team of the Davis--Elkins College met the Basket Ball team of the Keyser Preparatory in the gymnasium of the Preparatory building. It was an enthusiastic game from the beginning, but finally added one more victory to the Preps' long list.

At the end of the first half the score stood 21 to 3 favoring the Preps. The spectators were entertained during the intermission by a stereopticon. The views were comic and well suited for the occasion, finishing with the prediction of the game.

The final score was the result of the following goals; From field, Boyd 8; McDowell 5; Cunningham 5; Armentrout 1; Schultz 1. From free pitches, McDowell 2; Cunningham 1; McBride 2. McDowell fails on one free pitch; McBride four,

The line-up was as follows:

D.-E.—6.	POSITION.	W. V. P.—37.
McBride	R. F.	McDowell
Redden	L. F.	Cunningham
Raese	C.	Boyd
Armentrout	R. G.	Hodges
Schultz	L. G.	Abernathy
Crickard	Subs.	Blackman
Gear, referee. Parsons, umpire. Crickard, Hott, time-keepers. Brown, Workman, scorers.		

Frostburg Y. M. C. A.

vs.
W. V. P.

Frostburg Y. M. C. A. met the W. V. P. team of Basket Ball in the gymnasium of the Preparatory building at Keyser on Saturday, Feb. 2nd, and went down on a score of 5 to 30. The Preps were outweighed, but by their snappy plays, good team work, and excellent goal pitching their score swelled to thirty.

When the Preps appeared in their new suits they were met with many cheers from those who had gathered to see the game.

At the end of the first half the score stood 14 to 5. The halves were twenty and fifteen minutes. Boyd made nine goals from field, McDowell five, and Cunningham one; Sapiro one, Raley one, and Cook one from free field.

The line-up was as follows:

FROSTBURG.	POSITION.	W. V. P.
Raley	C.	Boyd
Jeffries	R. F.	McDowell
Sapiro	L. F.	Cunningham
Dennen	R. G.	Abernathy
Cook	L. G.	Hodges

Referee, Nichols; Umpire, Parsons; Time-keepers, Brown and Hott; Scorers, Anthony and Ward.

Will Play the Preps.

The A. C. H. S. basket ball five will meet the Keyser Preparatory team on Saturday night at Central Y. M. C. A. The Preps have a record of having won every game this season and the High School lads are ready to break the streak. The line up of the local boys will be as follows: Stein, Norton and Deffinbaugh, forwards; Marean, center; Johnson, Cole and Wolfe, guards.—Cumb. Daily News.

A. C. H. S. vs. W. V. P.

On Saturday, Jan. 26th, the Preps added one more victory to their list of Basket Ball games. The game was played in the Y. M. C. A. "gym" of Cumberland. It was intensely interesting from the beginning, as the teams were of so near an equal weight and of equal skill. Each team took its turn in scoring after the A. C. H. S.'s had scored twice in the beginning. So close was the game that neither team was able to get more than three points in advance of its opponent. At the end of the twenty minutes the score showed that the A. C. H. S.'s were only one point in advance.

The last half, which was only fifteen minutes, was contested as ardently as the first, the final score showing that the Preps had won by a score of 24 to 20, which was the result of Cunningham making six goals from field. Of the A. C. H. S.'s, Stein made three goals from field, four from free pitches; Wolfe three from field, Norton one from field, and Marean one from field.

The line up was as follows:

A. C. H. S.	POSITION.	W. V. P.
Marean	C.	Blackman
Stein	{ F. }	White
Deffinbaugh		Hodges
Norton	{ G. }	Cunningham
Wolfe		Abernathy

THE REFERT.

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The Teachers Preparation.

With much truth it is said that the more liberal a teacher's education is the better is he prepared for the work. To be familiar with many subjects outside of the branches one must teach gives a certain freedom and self-confidence not easily attained by the teacher who, in his preparation, has confined himself closely to the course of study in the public schools.

There are, however, two sides to this question of preparation; and in looking at one side it is well that we should not overlook the other. For the purpose of this discussion we may divide all pupils into two classes—those who must depend upon their own efforts for funds to pay their way through school and those who are not thus dependent. Now concerning the second of these classes it may not be too hard an assertion to say that the number of these that enter the teaching profession is a negligible quantity. The writer readily admits that his own observation does not cover all cases, but as far as it goes, it goes to show that the pupils in easy circumstances financially are making their preparation for work other than teaching.

The first class comprises most of the teachers. A young man makes money enough to pay his way a few months in school. His soul is probably on fire with the desire to go on and finish a course of study. He comes face to face with the necessity of replenishing his purse. There is no perennial supply of money at his command and so he must withdraw from school and find some work to put money into his purse. It is not his purpose to remain out of school permanently. He does not seek some business position in which he is expected to become

a fixture. He wants to make some money and to return to school. Under such circumstances teaching is the field of labor generally sought.

Teaching is, therefore, a means to an end. Very many of us come to regard teaching as an end only after we have had some years of experience in the school room. Many of us who have embraced the profession as our life work, at first only endure it.

There comes a time in the life of many a student when he realizes that in order to go on with his education he must teach school; and following this closely comes the conviction that in order to teach school he must go on with his education. On first thought this process seems a good deal like lifting ones self by his own boot straps, but the analogy is not a good one. The mountain climber stopping on the slope to take refreshments and get ready to go on, is a better illustration of the case.

From what has been said it seems to follow that most of us as teachers must be narrow before we can be broad. Perhaps we must be narrow in order to be broad.

Exchanges.

This month we have heard from no new ones. We hope they will soon find their way here.

We extend our thanks for the following papers:
Our Only Weekly Paper—"Ring Tum Phi," of Lexington, Va.; "The Pickett," Shepherdstown, W. Va.; "The Red & Blue," New York City, N. Y.; "The Inter-Collegian," New York City, N. Y.; "The Acta," Elkins, W. Va.; "The War Whoop," Charles-town, W. Va.; "The Evangel," Chicago, Ill.; "The Academy Bulletin," Cumberland, Md.

Which, Oh, which shall be boss?

Such questions put me at a loss,
For Hott is not as stout as a hoss
And perhaps can't bear the cross.

But that can be settled pretty soon

When they talk it over under the moon,
Some evening when they go out to "spoon,"
Then Hott can be boss or he can be a "Loon."

Ah, for Hott some little hope lies

Encouraging his ambition to rise,
Onward, and upward toward the skies

And Emilie will say, "On him there are no flies."
Take heart my boy, and soon you'll see

How lovely things may ever be,
At your command she'll hop like a flea,
So it appears to a man up a tree.

STOLEN—From my room one box of pens and eight photographs of myself. \$100 reward for information leading to the conviction of the guilty person.
C. E. CORDER.

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T. W. HAUGHT, Keyser, W. Va.

LOCALISMS

Geo. Boyd visited his home 26-27 ult.

Our new Artist—Raymond Kephart.

Mr. Clyde McDowell made a visit home the 26th.

Rev. Purcell led chapel the week beginning 21st ult.

Prof. Miller paid Piedmont a visit the 19th and 26th.

Who was at the Basket Ball game? Frank and Nellie.

Miss Dalsy McNemar, of Bayard, visited her brother Jan. 27th.

Mrs. Menefee was absent from her work Feb. 8, on account of illness.

Where did Mr. Will Barrickman find his stick pin? Ask Sadie Friend.

Misses Lola and Catherine Sharpless were on the sick list the week of the 4th.

Miss Edna Hamstead was absent from school part of last week on account of illness.

Prof. T. W. Haught was in Charleston from Feb. 4th till 9th, in the interest of the school.

Warren Cunningham, a former student of the Prep, of Job, W. Va., paid his intimate friends here a visit on Sunday 20th.

Mr. B. B. Hall, a former Commercial student, has a good position in the office of the Pacific Express Company in Pittsburg.

Prof. Miller was out of school from Monday noon till Friday morning on account of tonsillitis. The work was in charge of Mr. Hott.

Miss May Winning joined her friend, Miss Bessie Dean, of Elk Garden, on Sunday the 3rd, and paid Cumberland a visit, Miss May returning Monday.

Miss Mary Homan was very sick the first part of Feb. The illness proved to be a case of measles. We are glad to say she is again in school, but sorry to state that her sister, Rosila, left for home Feb. 8th, on account of illness.

The ground hog certainly saw his shadow and we hope he will stay back quite a while, for we want more snow. The last snow was certainly enjoyed, but only wished for it to have stayed longer. Many crowds had the pleasure of enjoying a great deal of it.

Saturday, January 26, Mr. William Barrickman, a graduate of the Commercial Department, paid Keyser FRIENDS a short visit. Mr. Barrickman is employed with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Blair, Pa., a few miles out from Pittsburg. His many friends will be glad to know he is meeting with much success, and that he has had two substantial promotions within the preceding three months.

Who locked Andrew Woolf and Lonnie Thompson in the Study Hall?

Mr. George Boyd went home the 26th to assist his father over Saturday.

Our janitor, Berton Rolls, was unable to be on duty several days because of gripe.

We hear that Mr. Anderson is a daily visitor at the Skating Rink.

What will Wessy Merryman do when Ray goes away? She will surely lose her way to the Prep.

Prof. Horn's English-8 gave him a beautiful bunch of carnations, which he appreciated much.

Miss Nan Armstrong is doing stenographic work for the White Lumber Company, in Cumberland.

Prof. Horn is still on the sick list but is steadily improving. It is hoped he will soon be able to resume his work.

Miss Pearl Filler has been absent several days on account of sickness. We hope she will speedily recover and be able to be with us again.

Mr. H. B. Grant, who was enrolled in the Shorthand Department in '04, has recently opened an office in the Law Building, where he is doing stenographic work for the public.

Wanted.—A position as stenographer by a competent person. Translates from all languages and a good Roller Skater. Apply to

E. L. ANDERSON,
Keyser, W. Va.

Miss Mabel Powers, of Cuba, New York, a former student of the New England Conservatory, is a guest of Miss Elsie Hoffman. Miss Powers has studied in Boston and New York and sung in "Parsifal" and comic opera "Woodland." She expects to stay some time.

The Girls' Basket Ball Teams were organized and they are getting in good practice. The members are: Misses Edna Hamstead, Helen Babb, Kathyne Sharpless, Aleane Christman, Lola Sharpless, Bertie Burnap, Bessie Dawson, May Winning, Nellie Henderson, Emlie Coffroth. Manager, Emlie Coffroth; Instructor, Elsie Hoffman.

Some Things we Should Like to See.

Prof. Horn in school again.

The blue bird with his song.

Corder stop smoking 12 for 5 stogies.

Guy Cunningham with Bessie Dawson.

The groundhog that caused this weather.

More news sent in.

Lee and Lola better friends.

Some one taller and thinner than Clyde.

This term's final examination questions.

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# A Woman Accomplice.

'06.

"Yes, I was held up once," said Uncle Pete to us one night, and he settled himself comfortably into the depths of the great arm chair. Such a movement on his part was always the sign of a story, and we all paid close attention. "I was at one time tax collector for Sherwood county," he continued. "Among the citizens was an old bachelor whose taxes amounted to over one thousand dollars annually. His business was such that he could be at home usually only at night, and so I had to call upon him at that time.

"One night I received an endorsed check from him for his taxes, and after sitting until ten o'clock over wine and cigars in the old man's company, I started out for home. I had to pass along a dark lane leading from the rich man's property to the main part of the town. I was perhaps half-way down this lane, when I discerned a woman coming toward me around a bend. Suddenly a masked man darted from the trees on one side and seized her. The woman gave one piercing scream and fell limp in the man's arms. I ran to the aid of the unconscious one and as I struck at her assailant I found myself attacked from behind. The highwayman released the woman and with the help of the new arrival soon bound and gagged me. While one turned the dark lantern upon me, the other relieved me of the valuable check, but strange to say, disturbed nothing more. Leaving me in the middle of the road, they disappeared into the wood whence I had seen the first one come.

"My first thought after they had gone was of the woman. Rolling over, I looked in all directions, but to my great surprise I could see her nowhere. Again and again I peered into the darkness of the shaded lane, but the woman was doubtless not there. The thought flashed through my brain that another accomplice had abducted her. I struggled painfully at the bands around my hands and feet, but they held as firmly as ever. I lay stifling with the wad of rags in my mouth, when a shot startled me. I rose to a sitting position and listened. A faint rustling and crackling as of some one running through bushes was all I heard. I worked my way to a tree and leaned against it. To creep to the

bachelor's mansion was out of the question, and so I sat there in awful suspense. I saw a flat rock close beside me, and an idea came to my mind. Hunting another rock of convenient size for holding, I returned to my place and waited for some one to come along.

"It was only a few minutes until I saw a man walk from the wood ahead in the direction of the mansion, holding a woman's hands behind her back with one hand and carrying a gun and a lighted lantern in the other. I beat the flat rock with the smaller one as forcibly as the inconvenience of my position would allow. My alarm was successful. The man stopped and looked back, while I continued my signal. He walked cautiously toward the sound and I crawled out into his view. He held up his lantern when he perceived me and advanced, all the time leading the woman along. It was the night watchman of the wood, with whom I was well acquainted. He uttered an oath, expressing both his surprise and passion, when he recognized me. At once he fell to releasing me with one hand while he retained his grasp on the woman.

"So this is some of your work, my lady, is it?" he said, turning to the woman. Then, before I could relate what had happened, he said to me, 'I found her and two fellows sneaking off the west side of the grounds. I pursued them and shot, but she is the only one I caught. It looks as if they've "touched" you a little? I don't know what this fine bird could have had to do with the affair.'

"On looking closely I had recognized the woman as the one I had tried to aid. I told the watchman of my adventure and then the truth dawned upon us both. We had in our power the accomplice of the two robbers.

"We turned the woman over to the authorities, and by means of threats she was forced to betray the two outlaws. Within two days they were captured and the check was recovered intact. But, my children," concluded Uncle Peter, "that was the most clever act of robbery I ever came across."

AN ALUMNUS.

The REFERT offers twelve cabinet photos of the best looking boy in the school for the correct answers to the following:

1. Which is the greatest book in the world?
2. Which is the shortest route to Dawson's?
3. Where was Boyd Friday night?